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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"The Vinegar Buyer."

PLAY FOUNDED ON J. WHITCOMB RILEY
POEM "JAP MILLER."

"The Vinegar Buyer," the play in which Ezra Kendall made a starring tour, is woven about the character of J. Whitcomb Riley's "Jap Miller," a poem which has been read and laughed over in every household in the land. Here is the poem:

Jap Miller down at Martinsville the blamest teller yet!
When he starts in a talkin', other folks is apt to keer—
'Pears like that mouth of his'n wuzn't made fer nuthin' else
But jes' to argify 'em down and gether in their pels.
He'll talk you down on tariff, or he'll talk you down on tax
And proves the pore man pays 'em all—and them's about the fact!
Religion, law or politics, prizefightin' or baseball—
Jes' tetch Jap up a little, and he'll post you 'bout 'em all.

And the comicalist feller ever tilted back a cheer
And tuck a chaw to backer kind of like he didn't keer—
There's where the feller's strenth lays—he's so common like and plain;
They hain't no dude about old Jap, you bet you—jary grain!
They flected him to council, and it never turned his head
And didn't make no difference what any body said.
He didn't dress no finer nor rag out in fancy clothes,
But his voice in council meetin's is a turrer to his foes.

He's fer the pore man ever time, and in the last campaign
He stumped old Morgan county through the sunshine and the rain,
And held the banner up 'ards from a-trailin' in the dust
And cut loose on monopolies and cuss'd and cuss'd and cuss'd!
He'd tell some funny story ever now and then, you know,
Tel' blame it, it wuz better'n a jack-o'-lantern show!
And I'd go furdur yit today to hear old Jap norate
Than any high-toned orator 'at ever stumped the state!

W'y, at air blame Jap Miller, with his keen sirenatic fun
Has got more friends than any candidate 'at ever run!
Don't matter who his views is, when he states the same to you
They allus coincide with yourn, the same as two and two.
You can't take issue with him—er, at least, they hain't no sense
In startin' in to down him, so you better not commence.
The best way's jes' to listen, like your humble servant does,
And jes' concede Jap Miller is the best man ever wuz!

THE OLD FRENCH WOMAN'S STORY.

A little old French woman told the following story to the travellers who had been investigating the ruins and the chateau and "doing" the little French town, as tourists always must, who obey Murray:

"My son, Jean Baptiste, never will believe it. Ah, they are such skeptics, these men!"

"There in the churches we pray for them. There the sailor's wife kneels to ask for a good wind for her husband's ship. There the soldier's sweetheart pours forth her prayer, and implores the saints to ward bullet and sword point from her lover's heart. There I used to go, hoping that Jesus would not forget me and my Ansel; and he died in his bed, and was not smothered and crushed in the black mine, as so many are—my man Ansel, Jean Baptiste's father.

"Jean was all I had, in that old time, long ago. He was young, strong, beautiful, when the hour came for him to become a conscript. Ah, shall I ever forget the day? We were all upon the green, in the midst of the village—all who had sons and brothers and husbands and lovers, and some had none, for the sakes of those who had, or for curiosity—how do I know which? And the great gendarme turned the wheel, and the blind-fold boy drew the names and numbers, and my Jean was one of the unlucky ones—our only child. Had I been a widow then, they could not have taken him; but I still had Ansel. And we all three knew that no substitute was to be had by us, for we had been unlucky and had no savings, and 'tis not to be expected that a man will risk life and limb for a trifle.

"Only a mother could have had a hope under such circumstances, but, you see, I could not give my Jean Baptiste to the cruel war without a struggle.

"You should be glad that your brave son has a chance to do what he can for France and for his emperor," said the officer with the fur cap and epaulets, touching me on the shoulder, as I sat weeping and wringing my hands. But I pushed him away angrily.

"What is the emperor, whom I

have never seen, to me? And why should I love France more than my own child?" I cried.

"And then a neighbor added: 'Bah! He will return with epaulets and a sword perhaps, and you will be very proud of him. Don't cry.'

"They come back often without epaulets, do they not?" I said, and my heart was bitter as gall. Generally they do not come at all. If they do, it is oftenest on crutches, or blind like poor Pierre Latour. They shall not have my boy!"

"And home I went like a mad woman. And I would have sold all I had to have raised the money, if it would have brought it. But we were only tenants, and our cow was poor and old; and I had no fine clothes, and only two golden earrings for jewelry. Poor Ansel just earned enough to live on. And what could we do?"

"I went to my brother at—, walking all the way there and back. He could not help us. I went to my old mistress's house, where I had lived as a dairy-maid before I married Ansel. Alas, she was dead!

"In a week the soldiers would march away, Jean Baptiste with them, and should see his sunny face no more, unless I could in some way gain the money with which to pay the substitute. I had wicked feelings enough, madame, I can tell you. I did not feel that God was kind to me, as I had always felt before. I cannot tell you how I felt, for it is wicked to say such words, but in the midst of my despair I met Father Ulric.

"You were not at church last Sunday, dame," he said.

"No, sir," said I. "I have so much on my mind, that I forget everything else. Jean Baptiste is conscripted, and we have no money for a substitute."

"Is that any reason why you should not remember heaven?" said Father Ulric. "Surely God may well forget us if we forget Him."

"And though I did not feel as though I cared what Father Ulric said just then, I remembered his words when I was alone, in the dead of the night, and also that I had not prayed that Jean Baptiste might be spared to me; and I felt as though if I prayed heartily and from my soul, an answer might come, and I felt comforted. And next morning I dressed myself in my very best, and went across the meadows to the church, and then I knelt down and tried to remember the good words I had been wont to say. But I could not recall one, and I was forced to use my own poor language, and to say just this—no more:

"Heavenly father who knowest what a mother's love is, let me keep Jean Baptiste from the cruel war."

"I said it over and over again. There was no one near but one lady in deep mourning, and I could not see her face. She knelt also, and counted her beads. And all was still as death—only now and then I heard my own voice, as though it were another's. And something seemed to say that my prayers would be answered. And I arose comforted, and I went out into the church-yard, full of moss-grown stones, and walked there for a while. And the lady in mourning came out also, and laid a wreath of immortelles upon a soldier's grave, and kissed the stone, on which a sword was carved, and his name, and went away. And I went home also, and may heart was at rest. And all day I watched and waited for some strange answer to my prayer, but none came. And I was sad of heart again when the twilight fell, and it was time to milk the cow. I took my pail and went to find her. She had strayed into a meadow hard by, and was cropping the sore autumn grass. I knelt down there to milk her, and my poor pail would not be full, I knew. It was another sign of our great poverty. I got my quart or so, and set it down and leaned against the fence and wept. And I said:

"There is nothing to hope for, and prayers do no good. Jean must go to the war, and his mother's eyes shall never see him again."

"And my eyes covered with my apron, when a hand as soft as silk

touched mine, and a voice—oh, so sweet and heavenly—said softly: "No, dame, he shall not go. Hold your apron. This will keep him with you."

"And I looked up, and there stood a lady. Her face was so beautiful that it frightened me. And the sun was set, and the moon was up, and its whiteness fell over her. About her neck she wore a black cross, and golden hair rippled down over her forehead. She was like the Madonna in the picture in our church. I could not stir. I could not speak. She smiled upon me.

"Hold your apron, dame," she said.

"And I had just strength enough to do it. And then a shower of gold and silver trickled into it. And again she said:

"Your Jean Baptiste need not go, and was gone herself, like a vision."

"And saved he was. God be praised for it!"

"Never but once after did I see a face like that I saw that night. It was when Madame La Fontaine, the widow of the brave soldier, whose tombstone with the sword upon it stands in our own grave-yard, lay in her coffin, and we poor people went to look at her. Her hair fell over her forehead in just such yellow ripples, and her face was just as white and sweet. And my Jean Baptiste believes that she knelt near me in the church and heard my prayer, and being a charitable lady, and tender to all soldier's wives and mothers, brought me the money with her own hands.

"As for Father Ulric, he tells me that, since it is God who answers prayers whatever the instrument, I need not trouble myself, but only remember that He can help me at ways, if it be His will."

GRANDMOTHER KIRKE.

"How do you like it?" said Charley Clare to Melicent Kirke, as he pointed to the cottage he had selected for them to keep house in when they should be married, in a few weeks.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" she whispered. "But, Charley, don't you think it is rather small?"

"Well—yes—perhaps so; but what do we want of anything larger? The bed-room over the hall is really quite a good size, and—"

"But is there a bedroom on the ground floor?" asked Melicent, anxiously.

"No. Why?"

"For grandmamma, you know."

Mr. Clare's countenance fell slightly.

"I have made no arrangements for your grandmother, Milly."

"But, Charley, she brought me up. Oh, Charley, we can't keep house without her."

"We can't keep house with her, you mean!" said Clare, imperatively. "When a man marries a girl, he doesn't contract to support all the relatives she happens to have!"

"I am all that grandmamma has," said little Milly, her face all in a glow, her eyes darkly coqueting.

"Grandmamma has loved and cherished me more years than you have, and I will not leave her to want and, perhaps, suffering, in her old age."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Clare, quietly, "it is settled?"

"Yes," said Melicent; "it is settled!"

And Grandmother Kirke, sitting alone by her fire, was astonished, some five or ten minutes later, by the sudden apparition of little Milly, flinging herself upon her shoulder and sobbing most bitterly.

Grandmother Kirke listened to the poor little girl's story, with an odd working of her toothless jaw.

"I don't ask this sacrifice of you, child," said old Mrs. Kirke, stroking down the lustrous masses of disheveled brown hair. "I dare say I shall do well enough; and it's hardly fair for the old to stand in the way of the young."

Milly looked up, loving and indignant in the same breath.

"Do you suppose I could leave you, grandmamma?"

Mr. Charles Clare was a little surprised at the turn events had taken; it had never for an instant occurred to his mind that any girl

in her sober senses could prefer the society of a crooked old woman to that of himself.

"She'll come to her senses after a while," was the reflection with which he was consoled. "All girls indulge in heroics now and then, but it won't last long."

Mr. Clare, however, was destined to disappointment.

"Engaged to Frank Blakeslee!" he cried, about two months subsequently. "Why, he's been court'ing her this long time—sending her flowers and books and music, and all that sort of thing. And the old Witch of Endor is to live with them, I suppose. I wouldn't have stood it!" went on Clare, growing more heated and angry as he talked; "but Frank Blakeslee never had any mind of his own. Well, I wish 'em joy, that's all!"

And the tone of voice in which Mr. Clare spoke indicated anything rather than the benevolent aspirations shadowed forth by his words.

Frank Blakeslee and Melicent Kirke had not been married more than a year when a dark messenger came to the door of their humble, yet infinitely contented little home—Azrael, the mighty and relentless!

"You've been very kind to me, Frank and Milly," said Grandmother Kirke, "but it's well-nigh over now. I only wanted to live long enough to see my little girl confided to the care of some good man who would value her as she deserves, and I've got my wish!"

And grandmother Kirke, whose old eyes were growing dim, fumbled under her pillow for the old calico work-bag with leather strings and outlandish little pockets, which, with its paraphernalia of antique housewives, bodkins, scissors and thimbles, was her constant companion.

"The needle book, Milly," she said faintly. "Look in the needle-book!"

"But, grandmamma, the leaves are all sewed tightly together."

"Cut them open, child; but be careful. I'm going to give that needle-book to you, Milly. It was one I bought when you were a wee baby. All my treasures belong to you, child."

Frank Blakeslee stood looking over his wife's shoulder as she obeyed the old lady's behest deftly passing the scissors' points between the flannel leaves, scalloped and embroidered, and faded silks which had once boasted all the colors of the rainbow. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation, and in the same instant Milly dropped the scissors.

"Grandmamma, there is money here, sewed to the inside of each leaf—hundred-dollar bills."

Grandmother Kirke smiled serenely.

"How many, Melicent?"

"Ten, grandmamma."

"Yes, yes, I thought so," said the old lady, nodding her head. "It's all right. Take them, Frank, and spend them as you and Milly please. They are the old grandmother's gift."

"A thousand dollars! Oh, grandmamma," cried Milly, with a long breath, "you never told me this!"

"Because I wanted you to depend on yourself, my girl. But I always meant it for you. Now leave me in quiet a little while. I want to sleep."

And half an hour afterward Grandmother Kirke died.

"It's a deuce of a bore," said Mr. Charles Clare, when the story reached his ears, as of course it was not long in doing. "Blakeslee always seems to have all the luck. If I'd known about the thousand dollars, I don't know that I should have objected to the old lady."

But Grandmother Kirke's money was better invested in Frank Blakeslee than in Charley Clare. Melicent did not regret her choice.

A Dilemma.

A gentleman asked a clergyman the use of his pulpit for a young divinee, a relation of his.

"I really do not know," said a clergyman, "how to refuse you; but if the young man can preach better than I can, my congregation would be dissatisfied with me afterward; and if he should preach worse, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."

ANECDOTAL.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, is noted for the fatherly interest that he takes in the members of the clergy; but with it all he has the faculty of administering a rebuke when it is necessary in a shrewd, kindly way. One of the clergymen who has a parish on the outskirts of the Quaker City was noted for the long periods of absence that he took from his parish; in fact, it occurred so often that it became a matter of common talk. One day this man called on the Archbishop and asked for a month's leave of absence, saying that the doctor had recommended a change of air and scene. The Archbishop looked up with a quizzical look in his eye and said: "Well, I make the suggestion that you go to your parish and stay there. I think that would be a complete change of air and scenery."

Ex-Senator Pritchard of North Carolina, whose marriage to a Washington woman occurred just before the last Christmas holidays recently related this incident to one of Mrs. Pritchard's school girl friends: Having an engagement with some politicians at the New Willard Hotel, the Senator asked that dinner be had a little earlier than usual, whereupon Mrs. Pritchard gave orders that it be served at once. One of the meat courses was baked chicken, of which the Senator is particularly fond. After making a gallant effort to masticate a piece of chicken breast, Mr. Pritchard placed his knife and fork on his plate, and, smilingly looking up at his wife, said: "My dear, this chicken is but half cooked."

"I am sorry Senator," said Mrs. Pritchard, "but as I don't need much, we'll just eat the half that's cooked."

The late James T. Lewis, war Governor of Wisconsin, took a deep interest in bombastic and hifalutin rhetoric. He knew by heart a number of political speeches of the absurd kind, and to hear him quote these speeches was amusing, for he injected into their delivery not a little mock fire and fury. One of the speeches in Mr. Lewis's collection was made in the Lincoln campaign. Its climax ran: "Build a worm fence around a winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; catch a thunderbolt in a bladder; break a hurricane to harness; ground-slice an earthquake; lasso an avalanche; pin a lid on the crater of an active volcano; hive all the stars in a nail keg; hang the ocean on a grapevine to dry; put the sky to soak in a gourd; nail up eternity in a woodshed, and paste 'To let signs on the sun and moon, but never—never for a moment, sir, delude yourself with the idea that any ticket or party can beat ours."

John Jacob Astor was talking at the Newport reading-room about the humor of the college boy. "My class at Harvard was '88," Mr. Astor said, "and we had in '88 a typical college humorist. He and I, one autumn day, took a long walk in the country. At noon we stopped for luncheon at a little inn. We were placed at a long table with a dozen persons, and plates of a liquid that was called pea soup were set before us. In my soup there was not a pea, but in my friend's there was one. He, in all of a sudden, startled everybody by leaping up, peeling off his coat, beginning, as it seemed, a regular disrobing act. 'Here,' said I, 'what are you about?' 'Why said he, unfastening his necktie, 'I am going in after that pea.'"

Congressman Stephenson told this one: Willie Stinson, while editor of a paper at Ashland, Wis., fell in love with the step-daughter of the publisher. The old man tried in vain to get rid of Stinson, and finally discharged him. Stinson went to Milwaukee and worked there for about three months. The young woman explained to all friends that the engagement was dissolved. Finally Stinson went back to Ashland by a country road on horseback. He drove to the Congregational church, where the pretty step-daughter of the publisher met him. She was surrounded by numerous girl friends. Stinson had been recog-

nized by several people as he rode to the church, and he was in a hurry to have the ceremony performed. "Do you want the complete service?" enquired the minister. "Cut it down to a stick," replied Stinson, in printers' English. The preacher was amazed; but he understood and soon the knot was tied.

The recent death of Wilson Barrett, the English actor, reminds me of this story I once heard told by a theatrical man from London: Sir Henry Irving, happening to meet Barrett one day, remarked, with the Irving manner: "Ah, Barrett, what have you been playing?"

"Hamlet," answered Barrett, with the Barrett manner. "'Hamlet!'" grunted Henry. "Yes," said Barrett. The Irving sound from Sir Henry. "I say, Irving," said Barrett, a bit nettled, "do you think that you are the only actor that can play 'Hamlet?'" "No," replied Irving, quickly, "no, Barrett, my boy, but I know that you are the only actor who can't."

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S

WEEK OF OCTOBER 3RD.

A splendid presentation of Kyrle Bellew's great success, "A Gentleman of France," will be given at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre next week which will provide Mr. Edwin Arden with opportunity to demonstrate his marked ability as the creator of strong romantic characters. The production will be made with the original scenery and properties used by Mr. Bellew, and its interpretation will require the full strength of the permanent stock company, including, in addition to Mr. Arden, Isabelle Evesson, Wallace Eskine, Marion Berg, Gertrude Berkeley, John Westley, Theodore Hamilton, and others. "A Gentleman of France" is one of the strongest romantic plays presented in the last couple of seasons, and a thoroughly adequate presentation is assured. In the vaudeville section the principal place is occupied by Carson and Willard, German comedians, with a new collection of funnynisms, Harper, Desmond and Bailey, negro comedians, the Bush De Vere Trio with a capital singing and musical specialty, Joe Belmont, in whistling imitations, Kendall and Thompson, two young women who score emphatic success as cornet duettists, Jean Edwards, a clever singer, Clement Swain, a club juggler, and the motion pictures all furnish entertainment between the acts of the play and before and after the drama.

Although Proctor's Fifty eighth Street Theatre has been devoted to combinations for several years past, it has been Mr. Proctor's policy to present at this house occasionally a gala vaudeville bill whenever opportunity offers to gather together at particularly strong programme. In pursuance of this policy a carnival will be given at the Fifty-eighth Street Theatre next week, after which the house will again revert to combination for a time. A special occasion of the vaudeville bill at the house next week is the opportunity offered of presenting here Paul Spadoni, the premier heavy-weight juggler of the world, who will head the programme presenting his famous tricks in which he balances automobiles and does juggling with heavy weight cannon balls. Hallen and Fuller in their sketch by George Cohan, "Election Bets," occupy the second place on the bill, while Delmore and Lee in their startling revolving ladder act will gain much applause. O'Brien and Eavel in their clever sketch by Will M. Cressy "Tricks and Clicks," will introduce some clever acrobatic work and smart songs.

The capital production of "Captain Lettarblair," which formed the feature at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last week, has been transferred to Harlem, where it will serve to introduce to uptown audiences William Ingersoll, the new leading man of the permanent stock company. The scenery is a replica of the original production at the Lyceum Theatre in which E. H. Southern gained marked success, while the incidental and music effects are the same as those employed at that time. Among those

who will interpret the leading roles are Beatrice Morgan, who is already a pronounced favorite, Bessie Barri-seale, Mathilda Deshon, Frank Sheridan, H. Dudley Hawley, Riley Chamberlain, Julian Reed, and others. The Scott Bros. in their amusing acrobatic specialty form the leading attraction in the vaudeville section, while Ziska and King, in their serious and burlesque magical specialty should further entertain the audience. Nesson and Nesson, jugglers, Ethel Robinson, the pocket edition of May Irwin, the motion pictures, and others, will all contribute to the capital bill.

The bill at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre next week is not a bit behind the splendid program of the past week, offering as its chief attraction, Herrmann the Great, who comes with his entire company to present a half hour seance of magic and mirth. Another important vaudeville entree is the first appearance of Henry V. Donnelly, of the farce comedy team of Donnelly and Gerard, and more lately manager of the Murray Hill Stock Co. Mr. Donnelly, who but recently scored one of the hits of "Military Mad" at the Garrick Theatre, appears in a broadly farcical sketch, "Strangled on Sunday," in which he is seen as an eccentric cook. George Henry Traider, who has made several vaudeville successes and who shared the honors with Mr. Donnelly in "Military Mad," plays leading man, while Amy Lesser and others support the leader.

A Magazine on Fire.

There are some exploits, of a man's life that become pleasanter when looked back upon from a safe distance. Such an experience is one narrated by Archibald Forbes in an article on "Some Escapes of my Life." The occasion was the Serbian war of 1876, and the scene the camp of the Serbian army.

The huts and tents surrounded a large open space, in the center of which, of all places in the world, was the magazine. And such a magazine! Its sides and flat roof were constructed of mere hurdles of wattle, fastened together after a fashion by willow withes. Late one afternoon, just as the sun was sinking, there was a panic-stricken shout that the magazine was on fire. Some one had recklessly thrown down a match into some loose powder about the wicker doorway. The magazine contained several barrels of gunpowder, quite an accumulation of cartridges, and an assortment of rockets. Instantly there was a stampede from the camp.

"My comrade, Frederic Villiers," says the writer, was fortunately with me. While he ran for buckets of water which was not far off, I clambered up on the wicker hurdles that formed a sort of roof. From underneath me came spurts of gunpowder, and the angry spitting of loose packets of cartridges. The buckets, when they came, proved to be too small to be of any material service, but I did the best in my power with the scanty supply, wetting the wicker hurdles of the roof, and pouring part of the water down upon the dangerous combustible matter below.

"Presently the roof began to smolder, and then I fell through, so far as my legs were concerned, astride the only solid beam which the roofing presented. Water in small quantities was still being supplied to me by the indefatigable Villiers, and I kept up my efforts below. The cartridges, however, kept catching fire in spite of the water, and the loose powder which had been neglected set the legs of my trousers smouldering with the result that the legs themselves were getting burned.

"I finally contrived to drown the magazine at the cost of my only pair of trousers and of considerable patches of scorched cuticle on my nether limbs. I was, in effect, in a species of Highland costume when I ultimately quitted the fragile roof of the dampened magazine, but General Doctoufflent me a pair of trousers, and General Tcherniaeff decorated me with the Takova Cross, which Villiers certainly deserved quite as much as I did, if not more."

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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From our Regular Correspondent.

"He's true to God, who's true to man:
Wherever among us doth
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
If how they are right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

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ANOTHER of the old time teachers of some prominence in the century just closed has passed away. Rev. George Lundington Weed, M. A., died at his home in Mt. Airy, Pa., on Thursday, September 22d. Mr. Weed received his first appointment as teacher, in the year 1854, at the Ohio Institution. In 1871, he was appointed Principal of the Wisconsin Institution at Delavan. His longest term of service, however, was at the Pennsylvania Institution in Philadelphia, where he began in the year 1876, and remained until his retirement ten or twelve years ago. Mr. Weed was a Biblical scholar and wrote much on religion and sacred history. The best known of his works is "Great Truths Simply Told," which has been used extensively as a text-book for the young.

The same mail which brought the news of Mr. Weed's demise, also gave notice of the death of Mrs. Trist, relict of Thomas Jefferson Trist, a deaf-mute who spent his lifetime in teaching the deaf at the Philadelphia Institution.

Struck and Killed By Train.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 12.—Mrs. John Clontz, of Alexander, was run over by a freight train near Gorman's bridge this afternoon at 2:10, and so badly injured that she died thirty minutes afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Clontz had been to a store at Gorman's bridge to make some purchases, riding on horseback. They left the store and started down the track together when the train came upon them and Mrs. Clontz was struck. Mr. Clontz escaped without injury. Sheriff Reed was notified of the accident, and the remains will be taken to a nearby relative. Mrs. Clontz was a lady about forty-three years of age, and was well known in the Alexander section of the county. Mrs. Clontz was a pupil of the N. C. Institution for the Deaf and Blind at Raleigh, and was a bright and popular pupil. She was married to Mr. Jno. W. Clontz of Charlotte. There survive her, besides her husband, four children, all of whom can hear.—*Carolinian*.

Gossiping.

The habit of gossiping is destructive to the higher life in the soul of individuals, and has always proved harmful to the harmony, peace and good feeling in those churches which are afflicted with the evil. Happy is the man or woman who is not made the confidant of tale-bearers. But if one cannot always escape listening to evil reports concerning his neighbor, let him adopt the rule of a wise man. Said he: "When I hear something bad about somebody whom I always supposed to be good, I take out my lead pencil and take off twenty-five per cent. from the story for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story; then I take off twenty-five per cent. for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I take off twenty-five per cent. from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So, I have taken off seventy-five per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining twenty-five per cent., until I have found out for myself." About ninety per cent. of all the stories told in detraction of others vanishes upon proper investigation. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor."—*Parish Visitor*.

BALTIMORE.

George Sture, of Belaire, came to town Saturday in quest of work as a shoe maker. He said that he was sick for the past six months with stomach trouble and dropsy. The doctor advised him to give up farming and engage in some light employment. If he succeeds in getting a job, he will go home at once and sell all of his household effects at auction, and go boarding here.

Geo. Gallien and Ed. Ramsay, of Perryman, were in town the other day on a purchasing expedition. They informed the writer that Chas. E. Stewart is working in a canning house near their home, and that after the season is over he will start a shoe-repairing shop near Aberdeen, Md.

Miss Bessie Bowen, who left school last June, has just obtained a nice place in a straw-hat factory. She is very proud of her work and likes it very much, and makes good wages, too.

Mrs. A. E. Feast and children spent three weeks at the home of Mrs. Ella Bomhoff's sister, over on the Eastern shore. Adolph Bomhoff and his girl, Miss Frances Nicol, also spent a week there, and they all returned home together last week.

Louis Nicholson, formerly of this city, but lately of Atlantic City, is in town and working as a painter. He expects to move back to this city soon, if he can find a steady job.

The Maryland School for the Deaf opened Tuesday, September 13th, with a small increase in attendance.

Geo. Brown, '05, of Gallaudet College, left us Thursday, September 22d, to resume his studies.

J. A. Branflick, secretary of the Society, has been chosen to get up a moving picture exhibition at the hall during the later part of October, or early in November.

H. S. Anderson arrived home last week after spending four weeks among relatives and friends in Old Virginia. He looks very well and has grown a bit stouter, and has many wonderful fish stories to relate. He brought home a big bunch of rooks.

J. B. Smith and wife made a flying trip to Wilmington, Del., Sunday, September 25th. They were entertained by a hearing friend. They met no deaf-mutes there.

Miss Annie Barry is still around about Columbus, O., but is expected home by the end of this week.

Aaron Freidenrich's only son was operated upon for appendicitis at a local hospital. We hear that he is getting along nicely.

Rev. O. J. Whildin left town last week for Arkansas and the South, on a Missionary tour among the deaf down there.

W. Duvall, the popular treasurer of the M. E. Mute Mission, is home again after spending a month on Braddock Heights, near Frederick, Md. He reports a very enjoyable time, and by his healthy appearance we agree with him.

Sept. 26, '04.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD C. LORTIE.

The many friends of Mr. Edward Lortie, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., will be pained to learn of his sad death, which occurred in the Troy City Hospital, Wednesday night at ten o'clock, after a lingering illness of two months.

Mr. Lortie was an honest, steady and industrious man, and highly respected by all who knew him. He was a good friend to the deaf, and sympathized with his afflicted friends in their hard struggles for a livelihood. He had aided many an unfortunate friend in securing employment, when they applied to him for aid.

Mr. Lortie was born in Whitehall, N. Y., April 23d, 1866, and spent his early boyhood there. At the age of eight years, he lost his hearing from an attack of brain fever, but his sister, who was a teacher in the public school, secured a manual alphabet card from a deaf-mute, whom she knew, and taught it to him and every child in the school, and thus he secured a remarkably good education, and had the full understanding of all around him. At the age of eighteen, he entered the Institution for the deaf at Malone, N. Y., with the object of becoming a future teacher, but afterward changed his mind. While there he made the acquaintance and friendship of Miss Hattie M. Cummings, of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who was semi-deaf, like himself. They were classmates and best friends while at the Institution, and their friendship ripened into love, and on February 8th, 1896, they were married at Hoosick Falls, N. Y. Their union was a happy one, and was blessed with three fine boys, Wilson, Clayton and Willie. Mr. Lortie was a devoted husband and father, and by his kindness, endeared himself to his family, who have the sympathy of a host of friends in their sad bereavement.

The funeral services were held at St. Mary's Catholic Church, at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., and was largely attended. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful.

Mr. Lortie is survived by his wife, two sons, two brothers, and three sisters. The interment was at Maple Grove Cemetery, the remains being buried by the side of his youngest child, Willie, whose sad death occurred just a year ago.

ONLY ASLEEP.

His dear tired eyes are closed in sleep.
He heeds not the loved ones calling;
He is deaf to the sobbing and blind to the tears
That round him are bitterly falling.
His spirit has flown to a happier world,
And over his corpse we are mourning;
He is only asleep—such a beautiful sleep,
And will wake refreshed in the morning.

MRS. HATTIE C. LORTIE.

WILLIAMSPORT.

On August 23d, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Smith gave their friends a party. Most of us went there and enjoyed it, and we fairly buried them with lots of presents.

Another party, which was a surprise birthday one, was extended to Mrs. George Ponnemsmith on September the third, by her husband. It was certainly a big surprise, and Mrs. Ponnemsmith wept with joy as she saw lots of presents surrounding her.

The following is the list of presents and their donors.

Dinner set (112 pieces), by Mr. George Ponnemsmith; cut glass vase, Mr. Richman; six tumblers, Miss Alice Thom; one pair linen towels, Miss Laura Pierson; one pair towels, Misses Hattie and Polly Deitrick; cream pitcher, Rev. Smielau; six yards of green cloth, August Hinz; butter, sugar, and spoon, glass set, Mr. and Mrs. Lupolt; six wine glasses, Mrs. Eva Clapp; silver ladle, Mr. John Newcomer; one dozen silver spoons, Lambert Luefel; bread plate, Miss Rebecca Thom; tumblers (gold lined), John Eigenbrodt; bread plate, Mrs. and Mrs. B. Smith; bronze vase, Chas. Allen.

And the writer cannot find other names of the rest of the donors, but Misses Tracy, Billman Sisters, Mrs. Billman, Mr. and Mrs. Hockley, Mrs. Smielau, Mr. Riegel, Mr. and Mrs. Longenberger and others were present.

The party was pleasant, and the best one we have ever had in Williamsport. We are glad to hear that Mrs. Ponnemsmith is much pleased with our presents.

Messrs. John Newcomer, August Hinz and Chas. J. Allen, were laid off for two weeks, from the Lycoming Skit Factory.

August Hinz went home to Plains, where he is now spending his time.

Chas. Allen and John Newcomer went up to Wellsboro, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Moore. John returned here after a week, but Allen remained there.

And on Saturday, they were surprised by Miss Tracy, who called on them, then they went up to Watkins Glen, N. Y., on the next day.

Oh, it cannot be explained how the Glen looks. It is indeed beautiful.

Messrs. Allen and Moore went down the Glen, which is one hundred feet deep, by holding on the rails while descending.

The paths are very wet and slippery. At last they met Miss Nellie Wright, of Elmira, N. Y. All went and had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty, who live near the Glen.

After dinner, they went to take a glance over Lake Seneca. It is thirty-six miles long and five miles wide.

The writer was struck by its rare beauty and can never forget it. In the evening all scattered for home.

Mr. Allen was called again to Williamsport to work, but he had to go home in Wilkes Barre, as his brother, Poe, is sick.

George Conrad, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Eigenbrodt, whose neck was swollen for several weeks, had it lanced by the doctor recently, and foreign matter was taken out. At this time, he is much better.

Mr. Abe Richman is still pressing ladies' walking skirts.

Mr. Allen expects to be in this city by the first week of October, bringing with him several mutes, as the boss told him to get as many as he could, for the factory.

Mr. Hinz tried to spin from this city to Wilkes Barre, but he fell down into the mud. It happened at Danville, Pa. Consequently he had to take the train for Wilkes Barre.

Miss Rebecca Thom is working at Hotel Undergraff. It is one of the largest and best hotels in this city.

Miss Alice Thom, sister of the former, is keeping house for Mr. and Mrs. Ponnemsmith.

Mr. Riegel, who had spent his summer at Gratz and Harrisburg, Pa., has returned to work and is looking the picture of health.

A certain gentleman opposes the idea of our efforts in swelling up the population of those afflicted like himself, and yet he persuades a mute friend of his to bring his family here.

Mr. Murray, the Elmira writer for the JOURNAL, would be grateful to any one advising him as to the present whereabouts of Mr. Willis Denson, with whom he desires to communicate.

Muggins—"Your deaf-mute friend is an artist, isn't he?" Bug-gins—"Well, he's a sign painter."

ST. LOUIS.

The Gallaudet Union held its monthly meeting on the 16th, to the usual good-sized audience. One cause for congratulation was that the Treasurer, in her report, showed the Union's funds had not suffered any from the convention, as it had agreed to help the Local Committee, if the latter found itself on the wrong side of the ledger. The literary program of the meeting was furnished by the Messrs. Vooten and Browning, and Misses Steidemann and Molloy.

The deaf of the city have by this time stopped talking of the incidents of the convention, and have settled down with renewed activity to the preparation of this winter's social life. A ball, under the auspices of the Gallaudet Union, has been decided upon, to be given some time during the winter. The Euchre Club, which died last Spring, and which was a social feature of the preceding winter, also shows signs of reviving.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. W. H. Phelps, of Carthage, Mo., to Miss Laura Bigley, of Pennsylvania, the ceremony having been performed at the home of the bride during the earlier part of the month, and kept secret until recently. The groom is well known in this city, having resided here for several years. The attachment began while both were students at Gallaudet College, and culminated in the above. We wish them every happiness.

Miss Yetta Baggerman left recently for Guthrie, Oklahoma, where she had been appointed teacher in place of Miss F. Bannan, who resigned. Other departures have been that of Mr. Brown, who has been skipping generally all over the continent, and who left for California. Mr. E. Nowell intends to follow him there, as soon as he gets all arrangements settled.

Mr. Lester G. Rosson, one of the pitching staff of the Charleston, S. C., nine, is at present in this city visiting his married sister, and generally doing the Fair. The Charleston club was one of the tail-enders, but when Rosson joined it, it began to work its way up, and the end of the season found it second from the top. Rosson has been engaged by the same club for the season of 1905, and is at present taking things easy.

The Local Committee of the N. A. D., which recently disbanded, has got together again, and intends doing something on Helen Keller Day, October 18th. This, while it will not be equal to the entertainments given during August 20-27, will be worth attending, and all visitors to the city during that time are cordially invited. Particulars will be given.

The Gallaudet School opened recently with nearly forty pupils. It was at the World's Fair, in the exhibit of the St. Louis Public Schools, during the week past, and attracted much attention and comment.

Japanese Top Spinners.

A Japanese student of medicine was showing a group of Americans what he could do in the way of top-spinning. He took up a big, yellow top shaped like a chrysanthemum, wrapping a silk cord about it and threw it down. It spun beautifully, this huge flower, and out of it, all of a sudden, a half dozen smaller flowers leaped and spun in their turn about the floor. "A chrysanthemum top," said the young man. "Here is a bird top."

He corded and threw down a top that resembled a gorgeous bird. This top, as it spun, opened and closed its wings, and made long leaps to left and right in imitation of a bird's flight.

The Japanese student wound a red top as big as his head and hurling it violently straight at one of his guests. It shot through the air till it was within a few inches of the frightened young man's face, and then, as though by magic, it turned and darted back again, and the student caught it on his palm, and held it there, still spinning.

"This is a boomerang top," he said. And again he threw it across the room, and again it shot back, still spinning, to his hand.

The young man now set going simultaneously a dozen small tops of red and yellow and green paper. They looked plain and commonplace as they spun, but suddenly they began to open out, and one became a ladder, another a lantern, a third a ship, a fourth a branch of cherry blossoms, a fifth a dancing girl, and so on.

"The Chinese," said the student, "are noted for their kites. Why is it that we Japanese are not equally noted for our tops? All over our country we spin tops, and my little exhibition here would seem poor and mean beside the one that a really expert spinner could give you in Japan."

Transparent umbrellas are a late novelty in London. The substance of which they are made has the color of ivory, and its constitution is a secret of the inventor. Collisions are thus rendered unlikely.

WEST VIRGINIA.

On Sunday afternoon, September 25th, a largely attended service was held in St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, West Virginia—the Rev. O. J. Whildin officiating. After the service a meeting was held, when Rev. Mr. Whildin announced that the Deaf of Wheeling would before long have a church which they might call their own. The ground and a considerable sum for the building will be donated by Mrs. Platoff Zane, who has already endeared herself to the friends of the Pennsylvania Home for the Deaf, and of All Souls' Church, Philadelphia. It is the desire of Mrs. Zane that the church be built as a memorial to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Steenrod. The deaf-mutes of Wheeling have already manifested considerable interest in the matter. It is their wish to contribute their share towards the acquisition of the new place of worship and already there is talk of a special memorial to Mrs. Steenrod. This may take the form of a communion set. It is a notable fact that the grandfather of Mr. Zane, years ago, donated every lot in Wheeling upon which a church now stands.

NEWS ITEMS.

Miss Miller Meredith, of Salem, was a recent guest of Ritchie relatives.

The school for the deaf opened at Romney on the 14th instant, and the attendance seems to be somewhat smaller than in recent years.

Miss May Wright, whose illness was mentioned herein, has gotten ailed and has returned to school Romney. She only had symptoms of fever.

Miss Sallie Bradley, who spent a few weeks the guest of Miss Mary Sayre, has returned to her home at Parkersburg.

Miss M. Hess, of Enterprise, is visiting her classmate and chum, Miss Treasie Cottrill, of Industrial.

Miss Grace Showalter, with her parents, has moved to Pennsboro, from Terra Alta. Miss Grace is quite an intelligent young lady, and always made remarkable progress in her studies while at school—and, by the way, she would bid fair to make her way through college.

Thomas Phillips and Emery Barker took in the sights of the Fair, at Pennsboro, week before last. Mr. Phillips gave a short but pleasant talk of what he saw at the St. Louis Exposition, and he says he was much surprised at the great number of deaf people there.

That poem, written by Paul Dittmar, was certainly a good piece of poetry, and the writer would bid fair to become a great poet and to trace his name high on the scroll of fame.

Some Bible Measures.

A "day's journey" was thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A "cubit" was twenty-two inches, almost.

A "hand's breadth" was about three and five-eighths inches.

A "finger's breadth" was about one inch.

Ezekiel's "reed" was eleven feet long.

A "shekel of silver" was about fifty cents of our money.

A "shekel of gold" was \$809.

A "talent of silver" was \$216.32.

A "talent of gold" was \$13,809.

A "piece of silver" was about thirteen cents.

A "penny" was the same as the piece.

A "farthing" was three cents.

A "mite" was about one and one-half cents.

A "gerham" was equal to about one cent.

A "homer" was a measure that would hold seventy-five gallons and five pints.

An "omer" was six pints.

A "bin" was one gallon and two pints.—*Ez.*

Time to Hedge his Wager.

Several turfmen were discussing the sharp methods of a certain book-maker who adds to his income by money-lending. He was conceded to be a hard man to deal with.

"But I'll bet \$500 that I can borrow \$1,000 from him on my personal recognizance," said one.

"Done!" answered the crowd simultaneously, and as he could only stake one bet they pooled against him. Thinking he had a sure thing, he went off with an accompanying committee of two to see the money lender.

"Mr. Cash," (that wasn't his name), he said, "these gentlemen have bet me \$500 that I cannot borrow \$1,000 from you. I don't need the money, but let me have it for a day and I'll divide the bet with you."

The committee gasped, but the effect of the cool proposition was unlooked for. Instead of jumping at the chance, Mr. Cash buttonholed his interlocutor and said:

"Did you make that bet?"

"I did."

"You bet \$500 that you could borrow money from me?"

"That's what I did."

"Then—in a whisper—"go and hedge."—*New York Press*.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Mr. C. Q. Mann's rendition of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, on Tuesday evening, September 20th, deserved a larger attendance. But the rainy weather during the afternoon and evening was probably the cause of there being not more than forty present. Mr. Mann's signs were clear, and he depicted graphically the doings of the blind girl, Nydia, Glaucus, Arbaces, and the other prominent characters. The climax, when Vesuvius belched forth his fire and lava and overwhelmed the city, thrilled all who were so fortunate as to be present.

Mrs. F. S. G. Gilby, of London, was for a few days only the guest of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, sailing for home on Tuesday, the twentieth Mrs. S. J. Knox, who had been for several weeks at Patchogue and Southampton, returned home on the nineteenth, just in time to enjoy the last evening of Mrs. Gilby's stay. Mrs. Gilby expressed much regret at not having more time here, so that she might have had the pleasure of meeting our deaf people, of whom Mr. Gilby had written her so much.

Mrs. Lavery and daughter, Nellie, will sail on steamship "Baltic," on October 5th, for Liverpool, England, on the way to Belfast, Ireland, where they will live permanently. But Mrs. Lavery's husband has to stay in this city, as his business is brisk, and when he has money enough he will sail next December to join his family. They came from Ireland two years ago. Those who wish to see them off must go to the White Star Line pier between one and two o'clock in the afternoon.

Charles D. Newton, of Owego, N. Y., spent a couple of days in this city, and left for home last week. He graduated from "Fanwood" twenty-one years ago. While at school, he was instructed in the art of printing, and has turned his knowledge to good account. He is a compositor in an Owego printing office, and has "held his cases" for eighteen years. Mr. Newton visited Fanwood, and was greatly surprised at the marvelous changes in the grounds and buildings.

Miss Elvora Rose was with Mrs. E. Souweine and her father-in-law, in the Catskill Mountains, and then went to Highland, N. Y., visiting her folks for two weeks, before returning to Brooklyn last Thursday. The change of air and scene did her much good.

Mr. and Mrs. John Valles after having a long time in the country are again in Brooklyn. They returned with regret, but as Mr. Valles' business was humming it was necessary for him to return at once.

Mr. I. N. Soper presided at the Guild meeting Tuesday evening, in the absence of Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, who was attending a dinner in honor of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Messrs. Soper, Kohlman, and Hodgson saw the game of foot ball between Union College and Columbia University last Saturday. Columbia won by a score of 10 to 0.

Henry Kohlman is again in town, after four months spent at Arverne, L. I. He is glad that his days as a commuter on the Long Island Railroad are over.

Mr. Janik, the German deaf-mute artist, will open a studio very soon. He expects to go to Germany next spring, returning in October.

Luther Taylor, on the 25th inst., pitched for the Ontario Club, which defeated the Saugerties, 5 to 2.

Mr. W. Lacey Waters will leave for California in the first week of October. He will go direct to Santa Barbara.

Albert Ballin and family are now pleasantly located in apartments on West 163d Street.

The Emeralds, with Deegan in the "box," defeated the all Cubans on the 25th inst.—3 to 2.

Mr. Hippolyte Montillie is again in New York, after several months spent in the West.

A Gentle Hint.

"Can you tell me what sort of weather we may expect next month?" wrote a subscriber to the editor of a country paper. The editor replied as follows: "It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription." The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent in the required amount next day.—*The Children's Friend*.

CHICAGO.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Last night the members of the Pas-a-Pas Club and their friends were treated to several very interesting talks and amusing incidents given, and by Frank P. Gibson, John Mayers, C. C. Codman, Dr. Dougherty and Wm. Wayman; the first two subjects being "Love and Appendicitis," and the "Wonders of the Southwest."

Mr. Codman caused us to laugh by reciting a funny anecdote which he learned from Mrs. Watson, as follows:—a husband and his wife quarrelled constantly and disputed desperately, until he considered her to be hopelessly obstinate. A minute later an ass was passing by, and the husband called his wife's attention to the ass, saying that she must be related to the ass, she quickly exclaimed "Yes, by marriage."

Dr. Dougherty spoke of meeting "Chief Joseph" known as the Napoleon of the Indians in Arizona, on the train. The Indian had given Uncle Sam much trouble, until General Miles caught him and his tribe by some clever strategy, and sent them to Idaho for the sake of peace in Arizona. The Chief was just on his way to Washington to see the "Great Father" about moving back to his old haunts.

About forty mutes and hearing friends witnessed the baptizing of the twin girl infants of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. La Motte by Rev. A. W. Mann, assisted by the Pastor of the church, whose name we did not learn, to-day at three o'clock. The names of the twins were pronounced "Charlotte Elizabeth" and "Martha Pryor."

Mr. Edwin Washburn, a hearing brother of Cadwallar, who is a deaf-mute artist, has met Dr. Dougherty several times in the office of the Company, by which Dr. Dougherty is employed. Mr. Washburn told him, the last time, that Cadwallar was visiting in Tokio, Japan, now and that he was coming home soon. Their other brother, Stanley, is a well-known War Correspondent in the Far Orient. He has sent out very interesting and thrilling news of the greatest and

OHIO.

The Jolly Rovers at the Park

A COUPLE "BELLED."

A Number of News Notes

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

When the teachers met, Tuesday evening in the Library of the Institution, instead of Superintendent Jones welcoming them back, Dr. Patterson, the Principal, performed the task. Superintendent Jones had been called back to the St. Louis Exposition Monday evening, to perform work on a higher jury. He is expected home to-day. The institution has certainly been honored by twice appointment as one of the Judges of Awards.

Dr. Patterson welcomed the teachers back to their work in a felicitous manner, spoke of the good results attained last year, and hoped this year's work would be still better. He announced the resignation of Mrs. Ella Zell, who has taught acceptably for fifteen or more years. Ill health caused her to withdraw. Her daughter, Miss Ethel Zell, a graduate of the School, and also of Gallaudet College, succeeds her. Miss Irene Boggs was married last June, and Miss Gertrude Hatfield, a normal student here last year, takes her place. Miss Anna Lincoln, for several years a teacher, also resigned. Mrs. Katherine Sites, and Miss Olga Wittenmeier were not present, on account of sickness, but will report for duty later.

After the distribution of class lists, the meeting adjourned, and teachers mingled together socially, recounting their vacation experiences.

The Jolly Rovers had an outing Saturday afternoon and evening. The place was Oletangy Park, and the weather favored them. The affair was under the charge of Miss Bessie Edgar, and nothing was left undone to give the Rovers a good time. There were no gentleman guests to pry into their doings, and so they had full liberty to do and say what they wished. Mrs. Ella Zell and Miss Annie B. Barry, of Baltimore, had the pleasure of sharing the Rovers' good things. In the afternoon the numerous amusements furnished by the park were taken in, and after that the host spread a table under the trees and invited all to partake of the goodies set before them. They must have been very tempting, for they disappeared at a rapid rate, until the inner man craved for no more. Later in the evening, the Rovers came back to town, and on the way voted they had a most splendid time, and voted their president a No. 1 entertainer.

Wednesday, the opening day of school, was decidedly chilly, and those at the depots to look after the incoming of the children, had anything but a warm duty. The arrivals were not as numerous as on former like days. It's the old story, waiting for cheap Sunday excursions. It is said by railroad officials that this is likely to be the last season of Sunday excursions and if that should prove the case, there will hereafter be larger attendance on opening days than has been the rule for several years back. There were 283 pupils enrolled Wednesday night, and few have come in since. The attendance this year will not be as large as it has been for a couple of years past.

Thursday, regular school hours began, and so now the machinery is started for another nine months' run.

A number of friends of Mr. and Mrs. George Clum got even with them last night by giving them a "belling," because of their going off and getting married unbeknown to them previously. The party assembled at Mr. A. H. Schory's, and headed by a trumpet and drum, and well supplied with rice and old shoes, marched over to the home of the newly-wedded pair, corner Main and 18th Street, intending to surprise the couple. Unfortunately for the "bellers," the to be "belled" were on the porch when the party hove in sight and were thus given an inkling of what was coming, and made preparations accordingly. There was plenty of music in that neighborhood for a time, and the denizens had the pleasure of witnessing a "belling" without any hollering for the bride and groom to come out and show themselves. The house was invaded, the parlor, chairs, chandeliers and doors decorated with old shoes, rice flew promiscuously about the room and music from the trumpet and drum now and then enlivened things considerably. Nevertheless the groom and bride took every thing good naturedly and seemed to enjoy the affair. Mrs. Clum is a member of the "Jolly Rovers," and all her associates, except Mrs. Zorn, were there. They had brought along a nice oak wood chair, which the

president, Miss Edgar, presented the couple in a neat little speech. The company was treated to ice-cream and cakes, and left about ten o'clock, leaving the rooms well covered with rice. Those who participated in the fun were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Ohlemacher and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mayer, Mrs. James Smith, Misses Edgar, Biggam, McGregor, Zell, Barry, of Baltimore, Lamson and Dresback, and Mesdames Zorn, Zell and Wark, and your reporter.

Mrs. A. B. Greener accompanied Miss Mary C. Bierce to Circleville, yesterday afternoon, where she will spend a few days as her guest.

Miss W. Jones and Gertrude Nealdon were in Columbus, Monday, and left in the evening for Washington, D. C., where they were enrolled as Freshmen of Gallaudet College Tuesday. Ohio sends four students as Freshmen of the College this year.

We can understand now why Mr. Wm. Friend, of Braddock, Pa., lingered in Ohio, and especially in Columbus after the reunion. It was an affair of the heart, and it is announced that he and Miss Emma Bard are engaged to be married. The date of this latter event is yet a secret with them.

Just previous to the reunion Mr. E. S. Waring, of Grinnell, Ia., made a proposition to the writer to donate five dollars to the Home if fifty orders of his alphabet cards were taken and sent him. The matter was placed in the hands of Mrs. Frank Philpott, and with the assistance of Miss Lucy McAdams, of Wheeling, the required number was soon subscribed for, and thus the Home is five dollars richer.

Mrs. Lulu Stelzig Dean, a former teacher, was shaking hands and receiving congratulations from former associates yesterday, while on a visit to the institution. The congratulations were given for the boy-baby that came to brighten her home, in July.

Mrs. Lizzie Leonard West, who has been visiting relatives in the city since April, bade her friends adieu Wednesday, and started for her western home, Seattle, Wash. Mr. C. M. Rice went through the trials of a birthday party, last Monday evening, but stood it well. A large number of friends came to congratulate him and extend felicitations of the event. He was remembered with several presents, and the company treated to a fine feast.

Mr. E. C. Harsh has been the guest of Mr. C. W. Charles during the week, stopping off on his return from the World's Fair, and a month's visit in Kansas, where he has many friends, as he formerly taught in the Olathe School. He goes up to the Home, to-morrow, to conduct a service for the people, and Monday evening starts for his home.

The Ohio Chronicle, the oldest of the institution papers, starts volume XXXVII, No. 1, with a new heading, that gives the paper a much better appearance. The publication day is also changed back from Thursday to Saturday. One year's trial of publishing the paper on Thursdays, was sufficient to convince the management that it was not a good day.

Sept. 24, '04. A. B. G.

NORTHERN NEW YORK.

Those who profess to believe there has been no improvement in the management of the School at Malone since Ed. C. Rider took charge several years ago, are the ones who can but will not see. When I was at school many of the "boys and girls" were in age men and women. They were set in their ways, and it was hard to teach them ever so little. Such pupils have gone out in the world and a younger set has taken their places.

Willie Sayles, a former pupil of the institution up here, has been a student at Gallaudet College for the last two years. He expects to return to college this fall.

A former pupil of our school, named Mary Rivers, is now an inmate of the Franklin County Almshouse.

Edward Lortie who died a few weeks ago, was quite smart. Mr. Lortie and his wife were pupils of our institution up here. Her name was Hattie Cummings. Three children were born to them. Mrs. Lortie's friends are very sorry for her.

I was told many out-of-town deaf-mutes were at the fair in Malone. It was a big success.

I have just read a report of the Malone institution. During the year ending September, 1903, there were 85 pupils at the institution. Including Principal Rider, there were 10 teachers for the 85 pupils. This gives less than 9 pupils to one teacher. No wonder the pupils are very smart. There were also four supervisors for the 85 pupils. The trades at the institution were printing, shoemaking, tailoring and dressmaking.

When I go to Malone again I will ask about the institution improvements. The people up here are glad the institution got the \$30,500 from the State. It will make much work for the people. The Governor was very kind. N. & T. Sept., 1904.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Forty-First Year Begun.

LIST OF NEW STUDENTS.

Foot Ball Prospects.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 25.—The summer-long slumber of Kendall Green is broken at last; the corridors and class-rooms are no longer deserted and forlorn; once more groups of students gather on the steps and under the trees, all busily engaged in re-counting and listening to the varied experiences of the vacation just come to an end—or, possibly, in extracting an autobiography from some unfortunate duck; the little chaps are again frisking about on the play-ground in front of the Kendall School; our football heroes are already tearing up the sod of "Garlie Field"; Blair and Hoffman report a doubling of their trade in the seductive but indigestible pie, and the Freshmen have already begun their struggle with the other kind of pi—the kind that Dr. Draper delights to expound, which is almost as difficult of assimilation for their mental tummies as Blair's brand is for their physical;—the college year has begun.

The bustle and confusion, inevitably attendant upon the opening of the semester, has already begun to subside, order has come out of chaos, and from now on the college life will probably move quietly along in pretty much the same grooves as in years past. The Green began, to wake up on Tuesday, when the students began to arrive. Examinations were held on Wednesday, as usual, and the classes met for the first time on Thursday. Friday night the annual examination given to the Ducks under the auspices of the Senior Class, was held. This was immediately followed by a Physical Culture Exhibition at the gym, in which these same ducks starred, and which in the opinion of all beholders, far surpassed that of the Madison Square Garden. On Friday, too, the Reading Room Club—as always, the first of the college organizations to get down to business—met, and elected its committee for the first term. This committee is composed as follows: President, Otto C. Meunier, '05; Secretary, John B. Chandler, '07; Treasurer, Frank E. Mikesell, '06; Librarian, J. C. Peyton, '07; Representatives, C. Hunter Cooley, '05, and E. M. Rowse, '06.

On the next day rooms were assigned, and the G. C. A. A. met for its regular semi-annual meeting. After the usual routine business had been transacted, the Association proceeded to elect officers. The balloting resulted in the choice of those whose names are herewith given to serve as the new Board: President, C. Hunter Cooley, '05; Vice President, Dan M. Reichard, '06; Secretary, Charles L. Clark, '06; Treasurer, C. H. Williams, '07; Assistant Football Manager, W. C. Fugate, '06; Scorer, Leo R. Holway, '08.

It then being necessary to elect a Base Ball Manager for next spring in place of Lindstrom, '06, who had resigned, Otto C. Meunier, '05, was chosen as such. An examination of the list of students enrolled for 1904-5 shows that the numbers of the co-eds have increased over last year, while there has been a slight falling-off in the ranks on this side of the college. There are fifty-eight male students as against sixty-six last year; while the number of the co-eds at present enrolled is forty-five, a gain of thirteen over last year, when the enrollment was but thirty-two. The list of students by classes follows:

CLASS OF 1905.

Anna W. Allen.....Georgia
George Brown.....Maryland
Paul H. Erd.....Illinois
Helen E. Fish.....Connecticut
Edward H. Garrett.....Illinois
Charlotte E. Hall.....Illinois
William S. Hunter.....Michigan
Emma G. Morse.....Nebraska
Clyde Stevens.....Michigan
Lillian Swift.....Utah
C. Hunter Cooley.....Texas
Otto C. Meunier.....Kentucky

CLASS OF 1906.

Enga C. Anderson.....Wisconsin
Charles L. Clark.....Pennsylvania
Mabel E. Fritz.....Iowa
Helen M. Garrity.....Minnesota
Daisy M. Henderson.....Arkansas
T. A. W. Lindstrom.....Washington
Edna L. Marshall.....Dist. Columbia
Frank E. Mikesell.....Kansas
Dan M. Reichard.....Pennsylvania
William W. Sayles.....New York
Edward M. Rowse.....Minnesota
William C. Fugate.....Kentucky
Arthur Hoffmaster.....Maryland

CLASS OF 1907.

Robert E. Binkley.....Indiana
John B. Chandler.....Tennessee
Susie Dickson.....Washington
George H. Faupel.....Maryland
Frank C. Horton.....Colorado
Warren J. Hoverstick.....Ohio
Harry T. Johnson.....Minnesota
John J. F. Leitch.....Maryland
Catherine P. Marks.....Illinois
John H. MacFarlane.....Minnesota
John C. Peyton.....Kansas
Alvah M. Rasnick.....Virginia
Ernest B. Ringnell.....Minnesota
Iona A. Tade.....Kansas
May Thornton.....Kansas
Charles H. Williams.....Virginia

CLASS OF 1908.

Mazie F. Britt.....Kansas
Beulah B. Christal.....Texas
William Cooper.....Pennsylvania
May I. Dougherty.....Delaware
Early R. Elders.....Iowa
Snova P. Frost.....Kentucky
Robert O. Glover.....South Carolina
Herman Harper.....Alabama
Leo R. Holway.....Illinois
Arthur H. Jaffray.....Canada
E. Leo Joyce.....Minnesota
Willie L. Kilgore.....Texas
Fannie P. Kimball.....Maine
Alvin L. Kutzeleb.....Kentucky
Caroline Lemke.....North Dakota
John W. McCandless.....Ireland
Charles A. Malloch.....Massachusetts
Earl M. Mather.....Indiana
William O. Messner.....North Dakota
Frederick J. O'Donnell.....Minnesota
Edith A. Peel.....Illinois
Belle H. Ren.....Nebraska
Fred W. Schonemann.....Illinois
Perry E. Seeley.....Nebraska
Mary Smrha.....Nebraska
Dean E. Tomlinson.....Minnesota
Odie W. Underhill.....North Carolina
Thomas S. Williams.....Kansas
Hester M. Willman.....Nebraska

In addition to these there are four "green freshmen" from Ohio, namely: Misses Euna Speer Boyd, Winifred Mary Jones, Effie Elizabeth Laing, and Alice Gertrude Neldson.

INTRODUCTORY CLASS.

Female.

Irene Placider Buraw.....Missouri
Sarah Lavenie Dailey.....Columbia
Hattie Gifford.....Iowa
Mary Josephine Gillman.....Kansas
Carrie Hargens.....Iowa
Ellen Dorothy Johnson.....Minnesota
Margaret Mary Lyeveck.....Michigan
Alice Anna Nicholson.....Florida
Sarah Belle Streby.....Iowa
Louise Emmeline Turner.....New York

Male.

Robert Lee Davis.....Texas
John Dusch.....Kansas
Chester Delmore Erwin.....Kentucky
Moses Goldonofsky.....Rhode Island
Morton Howard Henry.....Pennsylvania
Arthur Hinch.....Ohio
Francis Marion Holliday.....Pennsylvania
Oscar Edwin Holmes.....Virginia
George Ernst Hartman.....Kentucky
Herbert Clay Leitch.....Maryland
Hugo Henry Matzner.....Mississippi
Walter Frank Postusta.....Iowa
Winifred Leister Williams.....North Dakota

Another member of this class is expected to arrive in a few days, Miss Scott, of Virginia.

The Normal Class, this year, consists of Miss Eugenia Thornton, Isbell College, Alabama; Miss Nellie Nichol, Monmouth College, Ill.; and of Messrs. Henry A. Quintmeyer, of Baltimore, Md.; and our friend of last year, Yung Chung Kim, of the Korean Legation in this city.

On Thursday the football team went into training. Captain Garrett, '05, is much encouraged at the present outlook, and has every hope for a highly creditable and successful season, which hopes are shared by every member of the community. And this in despite of the fact that many valuable players have been lost by graduation and otherwise.

Neesam and Mather, last year's tuckers, graduated in June, as did also Schulte and our beloved John Carolus Winemiller, whose work at fullback, both on the defensive and as the pivot in our old reliable stand-by, the revolving wedge, was a feature of last season's work. Phelps, '05, captain and quarterback, has left college, and is now a bashful Benedict. Robertson, '08, of whom much was expected this year, failed to return. Stevens, '05, is debarred from playing by reason of his duties as usher at the Kendall School, and Bruns, '07, our heaviest player last season, and a valuable man by reason of his weight and speed, as well as for his ability as a kicker, did not come back. Winston, '07, centre, returned, but left almost immediately. All these men are greatly missed, the more so as none of the wonders so highly touted by the State schools, so highly touted by their friends here, turned up. Still the veterans who are left form a fair nucleus about which to

build a team, and some of the scrubs and substitutes of last season bid fair to make good. Of the new men, the most promising just now are Dusch, I. C., and Dillon, K. S. The present line-up is, of course, rather of an experiment and will probably be modified as occasion warrants.

It is as follows:

Left End—Reichard
Left Tackle—Garrett, Captain
Left Guard—Williams, '07
Center—Dusch
Right Guard—Chandler
Right Tackle—Mikesell
Right End—Meunier
Quarter Back—Erd
Left Half Back—Kutzeleb
Right Half Back—Dillon, K. S.
Full Back—Messner

Other promising candidates are Peyton, quarterback on our scrub for the past two seasons, Horton, '07, Schoneman and O'Donnell, '08, Erwin and Hartman, I. C.

Here is the schedule as it now stands:

October 1.—Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg.
October 8.—Lafayette, at Easton, Pa.
October 15.—University of Maryland at home.
October 22.—George Washington University (formerly Columbian), at Van Ness Park.
October 29.—Villa Nova at home.
November 5.—St. John's College at Annapolis.
November 12.—Western Maryland College at Westminster.
November 19.—Richmond College at home.
Thanksgiving—Open.

Mrs. Lyle, the mother of Mrs. Day, and of Mrs. Allan Fay, is now living here with Professor and Mrs. Day. Her son, W. M. Lyle, is also with them; he has a position in the city.

The first thing Clyde Stevens, '05, did when he struck Kendall Green was to rally his old choir around him and let out a Wah, Hoo, Wah! that fairly raised the roof.

We may be said to hold a "full house" hand, inasmuch as we have got three Williamses and a pair of Leitches.

Principal Denison, of the Kendall School, is boarding at Prof. and Mrs. Day's.

J. W. Allen, ex-'06, was here the latter part of the week, visiting his old classmates and other friends. Mikesell, '06, will bear considerable watching. Keep your eye on him.

Miss Kilgore, '08, returned to college wearing deep mourning for her mother, who died August 4th, after a very short illness.

The Freshman Class this year boasts of fifteen girls, a number never equalled before.

Miss Edna Marshall, '06, is the envy of all the college girls, for her home is now in this city, but a few blocks from Kendall Green.

In due observance of a time-honored custom the ducks were invited to entertain the upper class-women by telling stories, and otherwise; in short they were bidden to make themselves amusing. It is to be hoped that, for their own sake at least, they succeeded.

DEAF-MUTES ON GRIDIRON.

A football team, composed of deaf-mutes, has been formed in Boston, and will be known as the gridiron this fall as the Gallaudet Club of Boston. John Haggerty has been elected manager, and is ready to receive challenges from any 145 pound eleven in the State. Already they have arranged a game with the Berkley A. C. of Worcester.

Judging from the players, most of whom have had experience on the American School for Deaf eleven, the team should be able to give any of the 140-pounders in the State a run for their money.—Boston American.

At the afternoon service, Sunday, September 25th, at All Angels' Mission, Trinity Parish, Chicago, Diocese of Chicago, Province of Illinois, the Rev. A. W. Mann administered the Sacrament of Holy Baptism to the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. La Motte. The Rev. Albert G. Richards, curate of the Parish, read the Formula for the benefit of the hearing relatives and neighbors of the parents. The Christian names of the children are Martha Prior and Charlotte Elizabeth. This most interesting service was witnessed by many. The parents of the mother acted as sponsors.

Many of the readers of the paper will be pleased to hear that their friend Eli Ellis, who was one of Fanwood's crack pitchers, during the year of 1899, is with the Champion Poughkeepsie's of Hudson River League. He is proud of his medal, which was presented by the people of Poughkeepsie. He won seventeen games out of 21. Last week his team made their appearance at Ridgewood, and played against Ridgewoods. Dygert was in the box for Poughkeepsie, while Garvin, the Brooklyn Leagues pitcher, pitched for Ridgewoods. The game was a hot one, but the latter won it by 2 to 1. Another game is to be played on the same ground against the same team. Ellis is to be in the box. Come and witness the game.

WATCH THIS!

St. Ann's Church

will have a
THREE DAYS' FAIR
THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
DECEMBER 15, 16, 17, 1904

[Particulars Later.]

PHILADELPHIA.

Reception to Rev. and Mrs. Dantzer.

REV. G. L. WEED DEAD.

Pertinent and Personal.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 26.—The reception to Rev. C. O. and Mrs. Dantzer, which was originally planned to be given in June and then was postponed till Fall, was held last Thursday evening, September 22d, in All Souls' Hall. The day was also the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Cleric Literary Association, and, to celebrate it, the Association combined with All Souls' Guild to make one grand celebration in the form of a reception.

All Souls' Hall was never more gaily attired than on this occasion. Every available place was decorated with flags. The platform was made to appear like a canopy and, viewed from the back of the hall, seemed like a mass of flags. Even the ceiling bore a huge flag in the centre, and the whole decorations made an exceedingly bright and pretty effect that was productive of a happy spirit on all. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer were seated on the right of the stage, while Dr. Crouter, and Rev. S. C. Hill, Secretary of the Commission on Church Work among the Deaf, sat on the left. The meeting was called to order by Chairman H. E. Stevens, who, in a few appropriate remarks, invited Dr. Crouter to preside over the exercises. The Doctor made an encouraging address to the people and paid a fine tribute to Mr. Dantzer's worth, being frequently interrupted by applause.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer then was given an opportunity to speak and he expressed his gratitude for the pretty and enjoyable occasion and the honor shown him by it. He was glad to have come to All Souls' because of the greater possibilities for work and usefulness, and he hoped for the hearty co-operation of all in his endeavors to advance the work of the Mission. He said much more than the above, and applause was frequent.

The following letter was then read by Dr. Crouter and signed by Mr. Reider:

DIocese of PENNSYLVANIA,
THE CHURCH HOUSE,
TWELFTH AND WALNUT STREETS.
PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 22, 1904.

MY DEAR MR. STEVENS:—I am exceedingly sorry that I can not be present at the reception to be given at All Souls' Church this evening, to the Reverend C. Orris Dantzer. I have only just arrived home, and found your invitation with many other letters. At first I thought I could go, and was glad that I had come home in time. But on going through my letters, I find that I am bound this evening to keep a conditional engagement, which I made some months ago, and must therefore forego the pleasure of being present at the reception.

I should be very glad to express to Mr. Dantzer, in the presence of his congregation, my satisfaction and thankfulness that he has come to this Diocese to take charge of All Souls' Church; and I should be glad, also, to tell the congregation, in Mr. Dantzer's presence, that I congratulate them on having a pastor, so capable and earnest and faithful as Mr. Dantzer is. I pray that they may live long and happily together; and that the congregation of All Souls' may live and work together in unity of spirit, and in Christian love towards each other in all things.

Will you kindly read this letter at the reception at such time as you deem best. Very sincerely yours,
G. W. WHITAKER.
MR. HARRY E. STEVENS.

The Reverend S. C. Hill spoke next. He was glad to be able to attend the reception and to see the people of All Souls' in such numbers. They had been in his mind often and he knew that they had had many troubles which marred their peace and happiness. He was very sorry for it, and thought they had borne it so long; but he reminded them how long suffering and merciful their God is. He was very glad to have Mr. Dantzer take charge of the Mission, and bespoke much good from him. He was also glad to meet Mrs. Dantzer, and happily referred to her as the better half, which provoked merriment and applause.

Miss Cora L. Ford then mounted the platform, carrying a large bouquet of beautiful La France roses, and addressed Mrs. Dantzer in the following words, which she had committed to memory, while Dr. Crouter read it orally.

"It is with great pleasure, Mrs. Dantzer, that I have the honor on behalf of our congregation to welcome you and your estimable husband amongst us, and it is our sincere hope that your sojourn with us will be a prolonged and happy one, and I feel that the members of the congregation, both personally and collectively, will do every thing in their power to make your life so happy and your work so easy that it will always be a source of joy and pleasure for you both to continue in our midst. Permit me to present this beautiful bouquet as an emblem of our esteem, and though it may grow dim and fade, may our love and esteem grow stronger."

Great applause followed the presentation in which Dr. Crouter and Rev. Mr. Hill joined.

Mr. William H. Lipsett made the opening remarks for the Cleric Literary Association, and referred to its fortieth anniversary with just pride. The Association has been in continuous existence since its inception. It has always been the leading society of the city, and its future seems very bright.

Mr. Thomas Breen, President of the Association, followed with a historical sketch, which ended the exercises.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Dantzer then took positions in front of the platform and the people greeted them with a formal hand-shake. After going through this delightful ordeal, the people again seated and were treated to refreshments. Thus passed this most pleasant social event, which will not soon be forgotten.

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Waterhouse, of Camden, N. J., on September 15th. They now have three boys and one girl. Congratulations!

Charles S. Yoder returned from Ocean City on September 20th. He had been working there since last Spring.

Mr. George Ludington Weed, a former teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who had lived in retirement in Mt. Airy for a number of years, died on Thursday morning, September 22d, after a short illness. He has written several religious books for the young since he quit teaching, among them being "Truths, Simply Told," "Life of Christ," "Life of St. Paul," and others. His funeral took place on Sunday afternoon last. The remains were taken to Massachusetts for interment.

Joseph Mayer, Jr., visited the Allentown Fair on September 21st, and met several deaf friends there.

John Sayles, a deaf carpenter, is at present working on the new Wanamaker building.

Miss Dora Kintzel returned from Washington, D. C., on the 18th inst., after an absence of about two months.

Levi Cooper, who, last Spring removed to New Bedford, Mass., is visiting friends here for a week. His brother, William, has returned to Gallaudet college.

Miss May Stemple, of Stroudsburg, is visiting here for a week or so.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Tilley, of San Francisco, Cal., were among the visitors to All Souls' Church on Sunday evening.

The afternoon service at All Souls' Church will be resumed next Sunday, October 2d, time, 2:30 o'clock. There will be no morning or evening service until further notice.

We withhold some news till next week.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all. The Bible Classes will meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Friday evening, October 14th. Shadow Entertainment. Tickets, 15 cents.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

CHURCH NOTICES.

EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 2ND.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

Social in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, October 4th. Free to all with a hearty welcome.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only one dollar a year.

FANWOOD.

The School Term Well Begun

CHANGES & TRANSFERS

Happenings of a Week

From our Regular Correspondent.

"And then the whining school-boy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school."

This time, Wednesday, September 21st, school re-opened for another term, and the whining school-boys craving to reach the goal of knowledge arrived here plentifully to quench their thirst. Shakespeare in his "Seven Ages of Man," depicts the schoolboy of his time as "whining" and "unwillingly to school," but not so with the modern schoolboy of our time. An excellent education, good environment, sports that give benefit to mind and body, and everything that makes a modern school, helps to make ours a happy lot, and hence the smiling faces seen well illustrate their willingness to come to school. Many improvements have been made for the welfare of all the pupils, and the Principal has made painstaking efforts to make them all feel comfortable. The teachers and pupils assembled in the chapel on the next morning for the classification, and that marks the beginning of school work for the ensuing year, which is hoped to excel that of the previous year. The transfer of the kindergarten boys from the Mansion House to the new Dormitory Building has necessitated more school facilities, and which the Principal has given much consideration, that the youngsters may receive a goodly share of an education. Dr. Fox, after making a short address, urging the use of the manual method in the classrooms and its effect on the language of the pupil, also the value of speech, arranged the various classes with their respective teachers. The Junior Academic was just instituted, and marks its beginning with a class of ten pupils, with Dr. Fox as instructor, assisted by Miss Harriet C. Hall. The work of arrangement being completed, the various classes retired to their classrooms, and the school machinery was instantly set in motion.

The new Dormitory Building is completed and ready for occupancy. The first floor is occupied as a hospital, which was formerly on the top floor of the Main Building, and the changes makes it a modern and sanitary hospital for the medical treatment of pupils. The rest of the floors are to be arranged later. At present, the hospital in the Main Building is used as sleeping quarters for the small kindergarten boys. Forty boys from the Mansion House were transferred to the Institution on Tuesday last.

The Cadet Officers have the privileged use of a parlor or reading room, which was formerly the High Class room, during the early eighties. They congregate there thickly mostly during the hours of nine to ten at night, and after that time they retire to bed to be safe in the arms of Morpheus, the god of dreams.

The Trunk Room adjoining the big boys' Clothing Room, has had thirty-seven closets, with two boys to each, recently installed for the reception of the boys from the Mansion House.

The top floor of the Academic Building, which was formerly used as a gymnasium, has been converted into a dormitory.

With the transferring of the kindergarten boys to the Institution, comes the demand for more class rooms. Consequently, the second floor of the Main Building, which was formerly used as sleeping rooms by our corps of lady instructors, has been changed into class rooms, to be used by the pupils of the higher grades, from the Academic to the Seventh Grade. The lower grades will have class rooms in the Academic Building.

The election of officers for the Fanwood Literary Association, will take place at its opening meeting, on Saturday next.

No sooner had the boys arrived at school, than a foot-ball fever possessed them. It was decided to start a subscription for the purchase of two foot-balls. In a few days, they will be seen kicking the pigskin about the yard in true Gaelic fashion.

On opening day twenty-six new pupils were enrolled, and henceforth will receive the privileges of an education here.

Mr. Harry Cooke, instructor of painting, went on his vacation Saturday last, to spend two weeks in Ohio.

Prof. W. G. Jones gave a short story entitled "A Slip of the Mind," in the chapel, on Sunday evening last.

OPENING GAME OF THE

SEASON BASKET BALL

Tremont Five

of the Tremont Deaf-Mute Ass'n

VS.

Colonial Five

PRELIMINARY GAME:

Quiet Five (Deaf-Mutes)

VS.

West Side Branch
Y. M. C. A. 2d Team

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Doors open at 7 o'clock.

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Friday Evening
Dec. 9, 1904

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a person, including hat check.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.

Alfred C. Stern, Chairman.
436 W. 36th St., N. Y. City.
William Kenner. Wm. W. Thomas.

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(OFFICIAL.)

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GRAND Hallowe'en Party

under the auspices of the

N. J. Deaf-Mute Society
for the benefit of the Deaf Fund

Saturday evening, Oct. 29,

at the

NEW AUDITORIUM
81 Orange Street. Near Broad Street
Newark, N. J.

Admission, - - - 25 cents

The best way to reach the hall is to take the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad, New York, to Christopher of Barclay Streets Ferries for Hoboken, N. J., thence take the D. L. & W. R. R. train for Newark, and get off at Broad Street Station, then walk one minute to the hall, which is opposite the station. Round trip fare, 25 cents.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crouter, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x32 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the finest ever published, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x9 1/4 inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A marked sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or \$1.00 per baker's dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$3.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

J. T. ELWELL,
431 North 10th Street,
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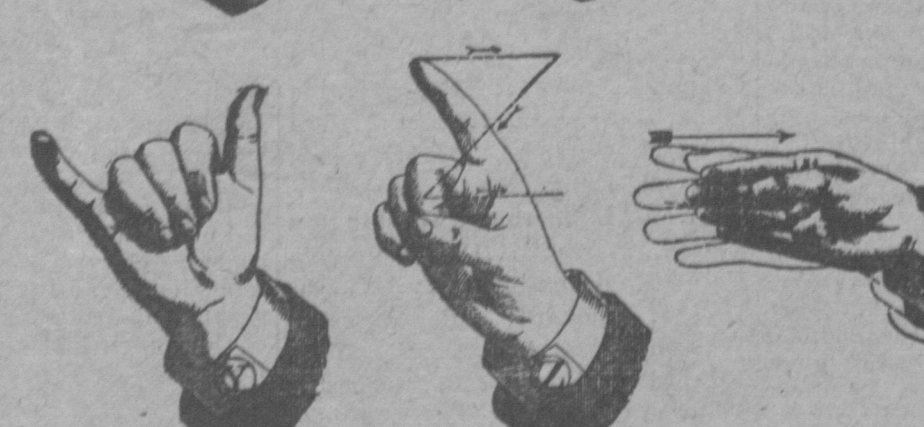
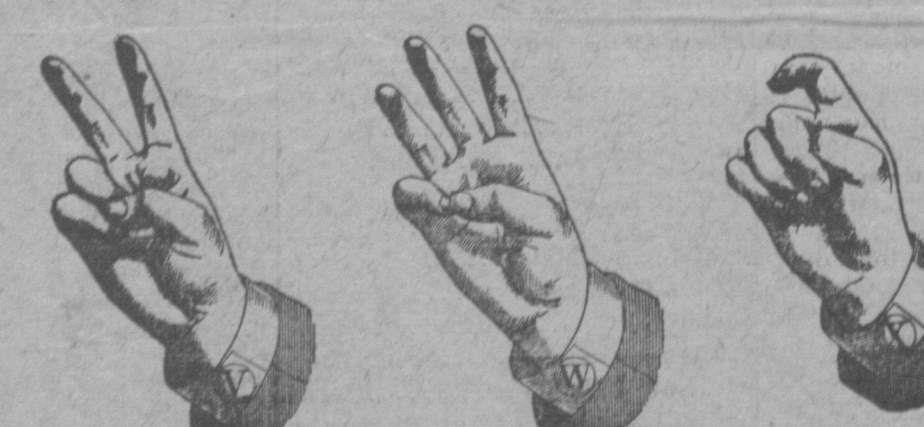
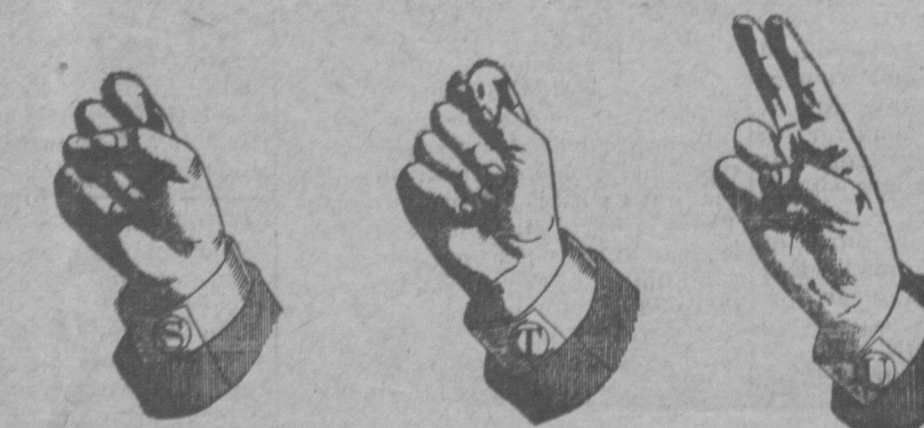
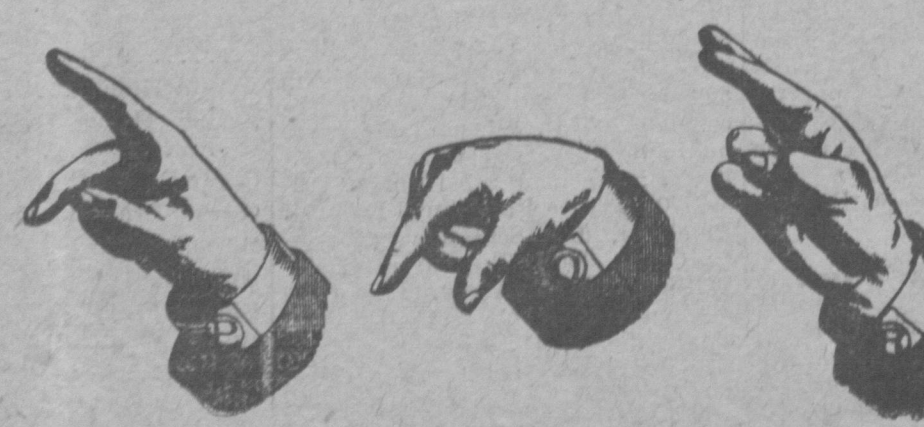
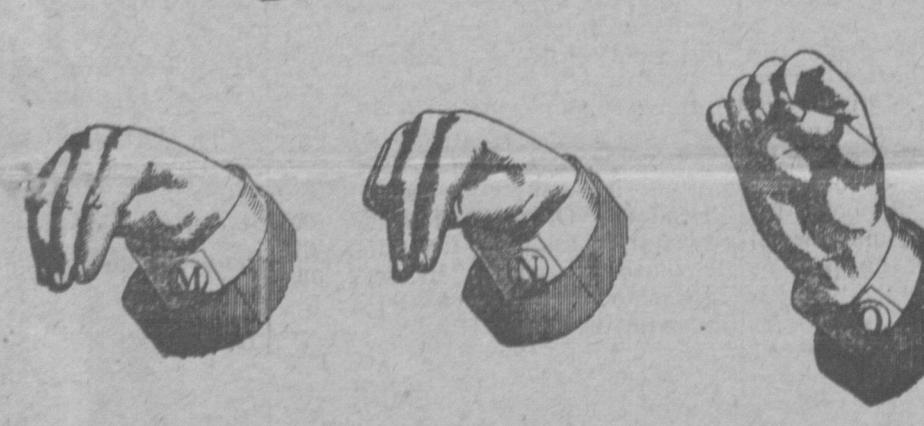
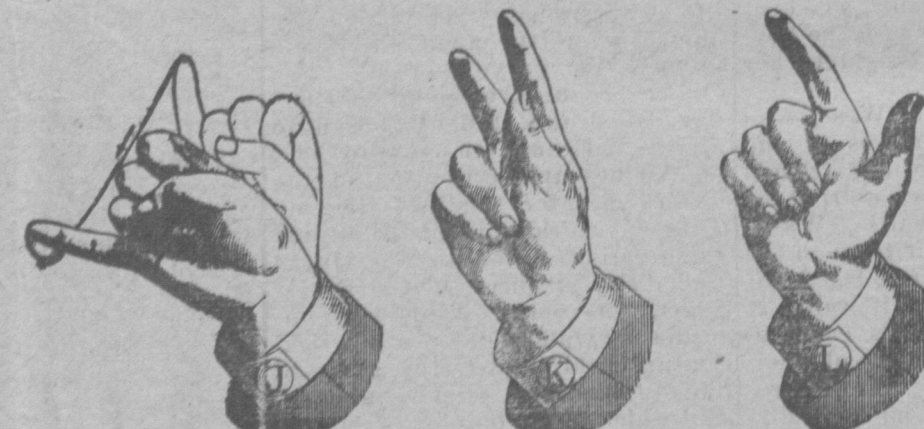
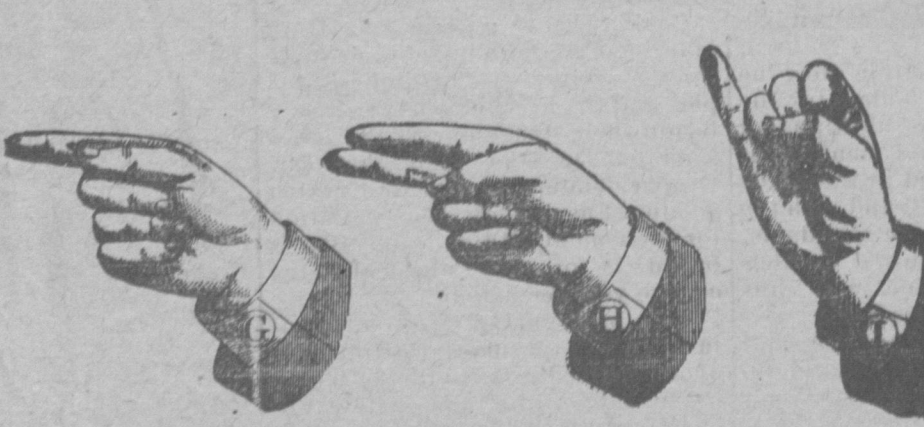
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